

A SUNDAY LAW CHICKEN.



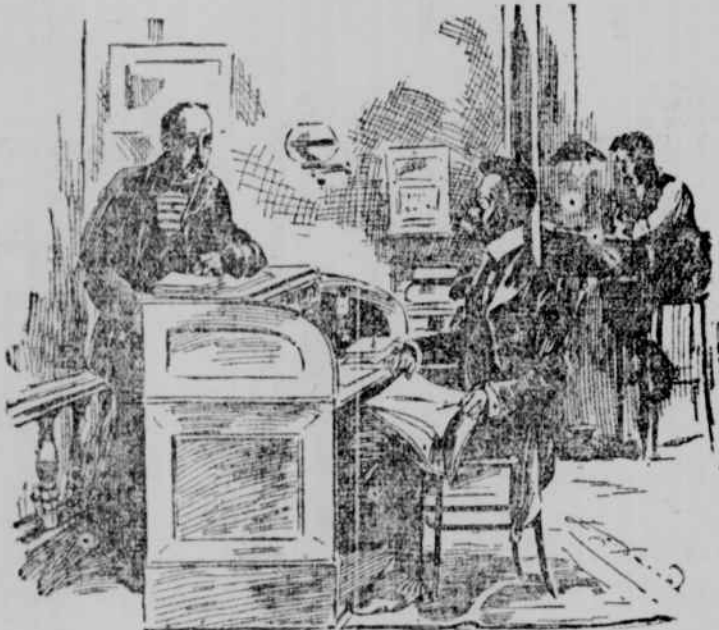
Butcher—I have a hen that lays an egg every day except Sunday.  
Reporter—What does she do on Sunday?  
Butcher—Lays off.

THESE USELESS QUESTIONS.



Dudeleigh—Is that a fire over there?  
—No, snow storm.

JUST T HE MAN.



Publisher—I wish you would send us a good sea story, Mr. Righter.  
Righter—But I have never been to sea.  
Publisher—I know that. But I want a sea story that people can understand.

THE FARMER'S ADVERTISEMENT.



Gosh! There's th' notice that I put in th' paper. (Reads.) "If the man who stole my rope and bucket will kindly call, he can get the well also, as I have no further use for it."—Hiram Hayseed.



"CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE"

GUILESS YOUTH.



Daughter—(Innocently.) Oh, Mamma, George kissed me last night.  
Mother—You ought to be used to it by this time, my child. Didn't I hear him kiss you four nights ago?  
Daughter—(Impulsively.) Oh! Mamma, of course you didn't! That was Charlie.

ACCOMPLISHED.



Miss Dash—Where so early in the day, Mr. Dudeleigh?  
Dudeleigh—To the club, don't know.  
Miss Dash—Which club do you belong to?  
Dudeleigh—The Ladies' Sewing Club.

THE BUSINESS REVIVALS.



Miss White—Cheer up, while there's life there's hope.  
Mr. Black—Not for me, there's not. I'm an undertaker.

A QUIET FISH.



Parson—Here, can't you see that sign "No Fishing Allowed?"  
Erastus—Deed, Boss, I'se not fishing aloud. I'se jes' as quiet as er lamb.

ONE GOOD FEATURE.



Customer—Do you think these shoes will stand repairing?  
Shoemaker—Um—er—well, the strings are good.

MOONLIGHT NOT WANTED.



Rastus, Jr.—Poppie, is we gwine toe hab turkey fo' mah birthday?  
Rastus, Sr.—Pends on de moon, chile, de night befo'. 'Pends on de moon.

SHIFTING THE RESPONSIBILITY.



Parson—Dars a sight ob talkin' in dat back pew, and de Lowd hes delegated brodder Watkins to chuck de offendin' pantes on de sidewalk.



Chatterton—I hear she's a good shot.  
Miss Anthony—Oh e ought to be. She uses lots of powder.